

TILTON TALK

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TILTON TALK

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EDITORIAL

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EDITORIAL STAFF

Co-editors: T/5 Pearl Jackson
E. B. Waxman

Contributors: Lt. Wal-
ter, Lt. Keenig, S/Sgt
Ludge.

Artists: Pfc. G. Diana,
Sgt. Mike Piezzo.

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Though we all think of Thanksgiving as the oldest American holiday, it was not an official one until 1863. In that year, on October 3, President Lincoln issued the first national Thanksgiving Proclamation setting apart the last Thursday in November as the day to be observed, and his words are dramatically appropriate today, as they were then.

"The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies... In the midst of a ... war of unequal magnitude and severity ... order has been maintained, the laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed everywhere except in the theatre of military conflict; while that theater has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies...

"Needful diversions of wealth and strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the national defense have not arrested the plow, the shuttle, or the ship... and the country, rejoicing in the consciousness of augmented strength and vigor, is permitted to expect continuance of years with large increase of freedom.

"No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the most high God, who while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy.

"It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and one voice by the whole American people. I do, therefore, invite my fellow citizens in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November next as a day of thanksgiving and praise to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the heavens. And I recommend to them that, while offering up ascriptions justly due to him for singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to his tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners or sufferers in the lamentable...strife in which we are now unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the almighty hand to heal the wounds of the nation...

FORMER TILTON MAN AWARDED

MEDAL OF HONOR

A few of Tilton's old-timers, such as Sgts. Goldstein, Haines, Witko, and Bogart, recall Pfc. John W. Dutko, who was stationed here a few years ago. He served on the Guard Force for a while, and later worked as a cook in Detachment Mess. He was a quiet sort of chap, and kept to himself most of the time, so nobody knew him very well. Then on 18 February 1943, Pvt. Dutko was transferred to 1229th Reception Center for re-assignment, and no one heard of him after that--UNTIL--

War Department General Orders No. 80, dated 5 October 1944, contained the following:

I--MEDAL OF HONOR.--By direction of the President, under the provisions of the act of Congress approved 9 July 1918 (Bull. 43, WD, 1918), a Medal of Honor was awarded posthumously by the War Department in the name of Congress to the following-named enlisted man:

Private First Class JOHN W. DUTKO (Army serial No. 13022501), Company A, * * * Infantry, United States Army. For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty on 23 May 1944 near Ponte Rotto, Italy, Private DUTKO left the cover of an abandoned enemy trench at the height of an artillery concentration in a single-handed attack upon three enemy machine guns and an 88-mm mobile gun. Despite the intense fire of these four weapons which were aimed directly at him, Private DUTKO ran 100 yards through the impact area, paused momentarily in a shell crater, and then continued his one-man assault. Although machine gun bullets kicked up the dirt at his heels and 88-mm shells exploded within 30 yards of him, Private DUTKO nevertheless made his way to a point within 30 yards of the first enemy machine gun and killed both gunners with a hand grenade. Although the second machine gun wounded him, knocking him to the ground, Private DUTKO regained his feet and advanced on the 88-mm gun, firing his Browning automatic rifle from the hip. When he came within 10 yards of this weapon he killed its five-man crew with one long burst of fire. Wheeling on the machine gun which had wounded him, Private DUTKO killed the gunner and his assistant. The third German machine gun fired on Private DUTKO from a position 20 yards distant, wounding him a second time as he proceeded toward the enemy weapon in a half run. He killed both members of its crew with a single burst from his Browning automatic rifle, continued toward the gun and died, his body falling across the dead German crew.

Let us ponder for a moment the outstanding heroism of this soldier, who died in the service of his country, and was awarded posthumously the highest honor bestowed upon any man, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

CONSERVATION PROGRAM

The vital importance of conservation of equipment and supplies cannot be too strongly emphasized. Civilians and military personnel alike are aware of the undeniable fact that every ounce of material is precious, every ounce must render full service toward the final goal of complete victory.

The month of November 1944 has been scheduled for the Second Service Command Conservation Program. Of course this does not mean that the drive will cease on November 30th. We must always conserve, always be vigilant, always strive to utilize to the fullest extent our equipment and supplies.

A major objective of this program is to arouse in each individual a keener sense of appreciation of the importance and value of conservation in the overall war effort. At this stage of our war effort, it is imperative that concerted effort be made by Army Installations to lend themselves to the conservation of food, equipment, supplies, manpower, fuel, buildings, structures, etc. to the maximum degree. There cannot and should not be any abatement in the aggressiveness of action until total victory is attained.

The part each of us plays in this drive is small, and is done with little effort, and yet the sum total of our united action is overwhelming. Tons of vital foodstuffs, thousands of gallons of precious gasoline, loads of invaluable machinery and equipment can be conserved annually if only every individual will guarantee his wholehearted cooperation.

Eat as much as you like, but never take more food than you can manage. Take care of your clothing so that you may obtain the maximum wear. Handle your equipment as though it belonged to you, with a view toward prolonging its durability. Never consciously destroy or damage any Government property. If any item of equipment is in need of repair, have it repaired immediately, and keep in proper repair those items which are not in use at present.

We at Tilton and other Government hospitals have ample opportunity to contribute our share to the Conservation Program. Those of us who are assigned to ward duty should pledge ourselves to this purpose by exercising extreme care in the use of medical supplies. Medical and surgical supplies are particularly precious, for they are essential to the recovery of the sick and wounded—both our own and our Allies'. Don't waste them!!!

Our Government has been unusually generous. Our armed forces are the best paid, the best fed, the best clothed, and the best equipped in the world today. We are in want of nothing, and have come to accept our abundance as a matter of course. Some of us are lax and careless, almost like spoiled children.

Let us vow to repay the generosity of our Government with eternal vigilance, with complete endorsement of the Conservation Program. With the full cooperation of all, we shall save untold quantities of food and equipment of all kinds. It is obvious that this will be a large factor in shortening the war, in bringing closer the day we are all awaiting—unconditional surrender of our enemies. Let us march side by side with our Allies in this endeavor. They have mastered the art of conservation, and so can we!!!

G SIDE LIGHTS I

G.N.S

G.I.AINS INTERESTED IN POLITICS -

(France) - Captured by Nazis and rescued by the FFI, a GI told Americans upon his return that German officers were more interested in his political views than in anything else.

"They all asked me how I was going to vote," he said.

A MERE OVERSIGHT (Stockton Field) -

After serving 25 years in the Army, M/Sgt. Joe Galli discovered the other day that according to his service record that he has never completed basic training.

HO HUM (Pacific) - Seabee Lloyd E. Hermap, of the 36th Battalion, probably would be mildly interested in the end of the world. Writing of his experiences overseas, Herman said, "Jap shell fire demolished two tents while I was in them. This I found a bit exciting....."

SOLDIER IN MINILATURE (New Delhi) -

The smallest GI in the CBI is Pfc. Melvin D. Eronrich, airplane mechanic, who stands 4 feet 10 inches in his stockinged feet.

AWOL 2 YEARS (Ft. Leonard Wood) -

MPs have caught up with Pvt. Robert Orso at last. Orso was AWOL 2 years, hiding in swamplands near Mobile, Ala. Now he is back here, awaiting court martial.

LAFF O' THE WEEK - (Clovis, N.M.) -

"Hitler said we'd march across the United States," reported a German POW working in a broom corn harvest here, "but he didn't tell us about pulling cotton and broom corn on the way."

8 IN RAF CITED IN DEATH OF ROMMEL

(London) - Eight RAF Typhoon pilots have received official credit for fatally wounding Marshall Erwin Rommel, famed German "Desert Fox" after bombing a farmhouse near Caen last July 7. The 8 men reported at that time that they had "raked an important looking staff car" with 20mm cannon.

U.S. HAS LOST WAR, JAP RADIO SAYS

(Philippines) - A Jap broadcast recorded shortly after the U.S. fleet's rout of the Japanese Navy in these waters, had a pithy comment to make on the great naval battle.

"One thing is now clear," the broadcast stated. "America has lost the war."

THOSE AWFUL JAPS! HAVE THEY NO

DECENCY? (India) - Latest Jap torture - they now tell lies about the Brooklyn Dodgers.

According to Pfc. Manny Lopez, Japs in the CBI theater frequently broadcast phony reports about the Dodgers losing ball games in an effort to break the morale of our troops. Isn't that just too, too, awful!

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"They all asked me how I was going
 about them in regarding him.
 "I was more interested in his political
 upon the return that German officials
 used by the FBI, a FBI told me
 (him) - (German) by name and
 - (him) by name and

other day that according to his son
who reports that he has never been
visited by his father.

...I found a ...
...two ... while I was in
... "You shall find home-
... of his experience overboard, ...
... is the end of our world. ...
... probably would be finally ...
... the journey of the ...
... No ... (...) - ...

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The Navy will take care of the Japanese
 While the Army will bring the Germans to their knees.
 But who will deliver Tilton from her pall,
 That incurable disease - inspectoritis grand mal?
 They descend in droves and gnaw at her vitals,
 Lieutenants, Captains, Majors, or whatever their titles.
 Behind Tilton's staff members they dutifully trot
 Poking their noses in every crevice and pot.
 Patients are forgotten, work to the ceiling is piling
 For all available hands are full - G.I.ing.
 With bulging brief cases they finally depart
 But are replaced with others and over we start.
 Everywhere the inspectors go the doctors follow on the ball
 But there aren't enough left to cover Officers' Call.
 They are finally convinced that Tilton's the pride of the Nation
 But three weeks later you should get a load of their recommendation.
 The War will be won and we will pay the National Debt
 But Tilton will be having inspectors - yet.

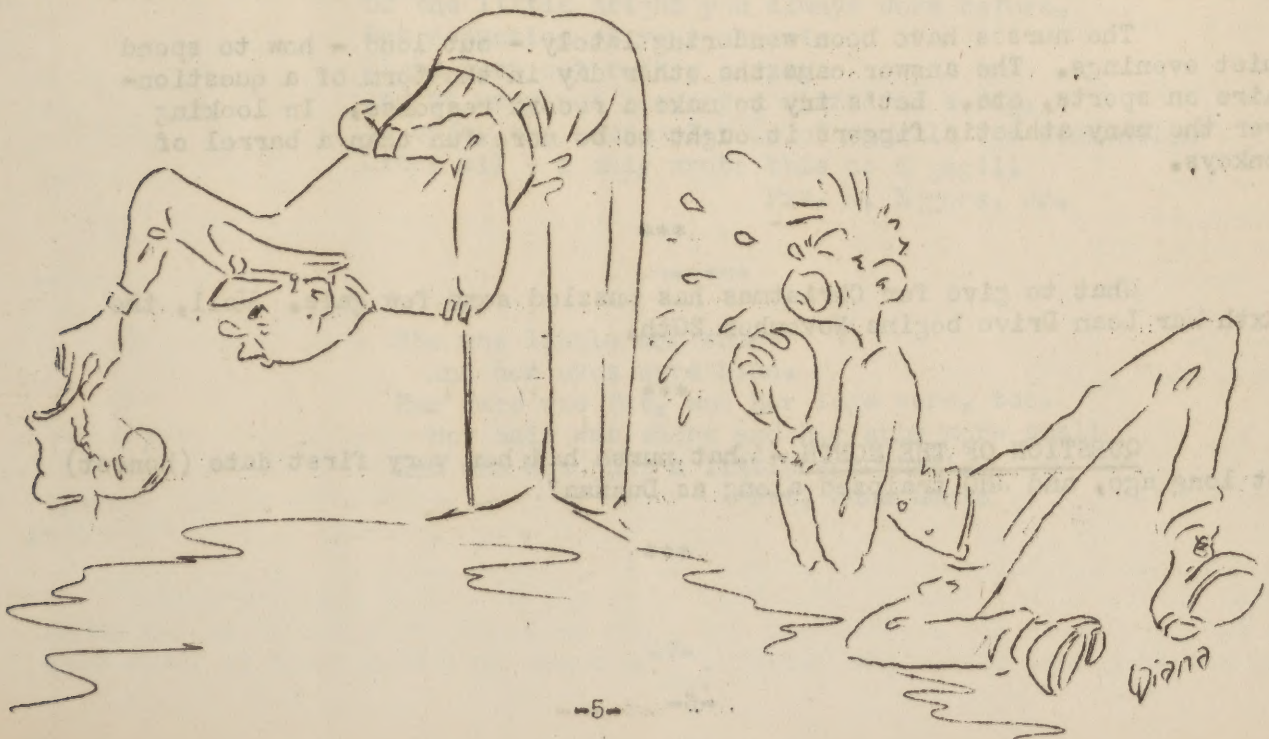
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Frediani came all the way up from Virginia to open up the hunting
 Season in New Jersey. The Game Warden had to put on extra men to look out
 for the interests of the hen pheasants. He plans to use the birds he shoots
 to bribe his C.O. for just fifteen minutes shuteye in the afternoons.

* * *

Guess that is about all for now. See you all at the Staff Dinner
 on Friday the 17th.

"DOC" DUCK



A N C

by Lt. Elizabeth M. Koenig

Tilton Officers' Lounge buzzed all day on Monday evening, November 6th; Nurses by the dozens descended and took over. The occasion - a party in honor of Lt. Col. Florence McDonald. We are sorry to announce her departure from Tilton's gates. Lt. Col. McDonald, after serving as chief nurse at the former Station Hospital and later in the enlarged Tilton, will travel to New Mexico to do the honors at Bruns General Hospital. The party was a lively affair and Lee Bracia's notorious recipe was questioned again. We will miss Lt. Col. McDonald and sincerely hope she will be happy in her new assignment.

Thanksgiving Day will soon be upon us and bringing us nearer to another anniversary - December 7th. With this in mind many people will grumpily say, "What have we got to be thankful for?" I asked the boys - sons and husbands of those very same people, and learned why we should be thankful every day of the year. It's true that in these three years we have suffered sadness many times, but our boys have done something they will be proud of forever, they have proved that our enemies could be kept away from our country's shores. These same boys wondered, too, last year, when they hacked open a can of rations for their Thanksgiving dinners, instead of sitting with others around a groaning table. These same boys don't ask what they have to be thankful for. They know. Most of us in our hearts know too, and do honestly pray that before another Thanksgiving Day arrives we can be truly thankful for the American Spirit which has proven itself and will always be carried high in our hearts.

The nurses have been wondering lately - out loud - how to spend quiet evenings. The answer came the other day in the form of a questionnaire on sports, etc. Let's try to make a record response. In looking over the many athletic figgers it ought to be more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

What to give for Christmas has puzzled some few gals. Well, the Sixth War Loan Drive begins November 20th.

QUESTION OF THE MONTH - What nurse had her very first date (honest) not long ago, and WHO traipsed along as Duenna?

THE POETS' CORNER

Three rodents with deficient eyesight,
Three rodents with deficient eyesight,
Observe how they scamper,
Observe how they scamper,
They all pursue the spouse of the agriculturalist.
She eliminated their extremities with a kitchen utensil.
Have you ever seen such a strange phenomenon during your
years of existence
As three rodents with deficient eyesight?

(Anon.)

ODE TO A WAC

Though you're not much over twenty
Old Mom Nature gave you plenty
And a rumor has it diet is your aim.
Do you know that perseverance
And meticulous adherence
Is the only way to dietary fame?
But consider for a minute
The consequential limit
That your dieting might force you to endure.
Though you'll drop off all your fender,
In pursuit of getting slender
Are you sure that that's the limit -
Are you positively sure?
For your body may get shorter
And you'd end up just one quarter
Of the little height you always were before.
But reduction of your chassis
Might turn out rather snazzy
And it may not leave you wilted as a rag.
So enjoy the contemplation of your 18 day starvation
After all - I only wrote this as a gag!!!

Pvt. R. Eggers, Jr.

She was little and short
And her eyes were blue.
Her face was fat, and her legs were, too.
Her hair was short and her arms were small
And she was just a little screwball.

Pvt. June Lentz

TILTON PATIENT WAS GERMAN PRISONER

By Teef Earl T. Jackson

Though he is but 22 years of age, Tec 5 Paul Demciak of Ward 30 has had so much adventure crowded into his life during the past year that he feels like a seasoned old veteran. Wounded several times, and having spent a few months as a prisoner of the Germans, Cpl. Demciak is truly happy to be home again. His folks saw him recently for the first time in over a year when he visited his home town, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and they were overjoyed to see him looking so well. The Demciak family had suffered the anguish of so many other American parents when that telegram came informing them that their boy was missing in action, and then when they were later notified that he was alive, they knew that singular joy and thanksgiving reserved only for such tidings.

When Paul went overseas in December of 1943, he was a medical detachment company aid man with a parachute infantry outfit attached to the 82nd Division. These men receive both medical and paratroop training, since they jump along with the rest of the Division, and must be skilled front-line medics besides.

The fateful hour of the Normandy Invasion arrived, and the part played by Paul's outfit in that historic event was perilous and incredibly courageous. He found himself on a "pathfinder plane", which preceded the rest of the unit to Normandy. After they jumped, it was their function to set up radar equipment to guide in the other planes. All went well.

But Cpl. Demciak's luck changed on June 6, when he was captured by a group of young German SS troops, and taken to the rear in a convoy of enemy trucks. There were ten trucks in the convoy, and forty American prisoners in each truck, but they were soon sighted by American planes. A terrific strafing ensued, and he was hit in the leg and shoulder, but managed to crawl out of the burning vehicle into a nearby ditch, where his buddies (most of them wounded) patched him up as well as possible.

Recaptured by the Germans, they were taken to a farmhouse along the road to St. Lo, where they remained for several days, and where Paul's fellow medics treated his wounds. With St. Lo as their destination, they were moved out in wagons one night, the Germans taking the side roads to avoid further strafing by American planes. They passed through the city, and arrived at a place called Notre Dame, where Paul and his buddies were placed in a former monastery which the Germans had converted into a temporary prison camp, housing about 600 American, Canadian and British prisoners. Living conditions were very bad, and "all we got to eat was hot water and grease and something that looked like boiled leaves, with a little piece of meat once in a while."

The next destination was Rennes, and they finally arrived there after a long journey by truck. Paul was placed in a prison hospital in Rennes, staffed by French doctors and nurses, all donating their services for the Allied cause, and there he was given the best of medical care during his stay of several weeks. When his shoulder was sufficiently healed, Paul was shipped to a prison camp outside the city, but this place was soon evacuated because American forces were moving closer, and so Paul and the other prisoners were loaded on box cars, forty men to a car, headed for Germany. The seven days they spent in these cars

were ghastly, for it was insufferably hot and crowded, and the men were allowed very little water. On the night of August 6th they were on a siding outside the city of Tours, for a bridge had been demolished and they could go no further, when four American planes came over and strafed the train, hitting Paul in the right forearm.

The men ripped open the door of the car and ran towards the woods to escape the strafing, and the Germans shot them as they fled. After the strafing, the prisoners (all wounded) were rounded up again, and taken to a German hospital in Tours, where a German doctor operated on Paul's arm. But the American forces were drawing close again, and they were once more evacuated. This time Paul and eight of his buddies were placed on a train for German wounded—occupying a separate box car, and here they encountered a German guard who gave them cigarettes and candy. This German spoke English, and informed them that his baby girl had been killed in a raid over Berlin. However, he bore no resentment against the Americans, and said he understood the situation. "He wished us all the luck in the world, and told us he hoped we would get away. He was one of the few decent Germans I met."

Having passed Toulouse, the train was forced to return to this city because the French Underground had blown up all the bridges, and Paul was put into the prison section of a German hospital there. His hand and arm were infected and covered with maggots, but he received little medical attention. During this time the French Underground was attacking the city of Toulouse, and in a short time had virtually taken it over. The Germans were forced to abandon the city on August 19th, leaving the prisoners behind, and the French forces quickly transferred them to a French hospital there. "Everything shaped up there. They dressed our wounds, gave us a bath, good food, and treated us like their own." Paul and his fellow-prisoners were the first Americans the people of Toulouse had seen in four years.

Early in the morning of September 4th a C-47, flown by a British pilot, landed at Toulouse and transported them to Naples. All the arrangements for this trip were made by the French Underground. At an American Hospital in Naples Cpl. Demciak had another operation, was given blood plasma, and placed well on the way to recovery. After a month in Naples, a Navy transport ship brought him to the States, landing in Richmond, Va. on October 22nd. Then to Tilton.

We can well understand Paul's contention that he has little use for the Germans, particularly the youthful fanatical type, who has been trained to hate America with a loathing and cruelty unsurpassed in all history. They have been thoroughly indoctrinated with the most insidious kind of propaganda, and will always constitute a grave menace unless rendered completely impotent.

His admiration of the French Underground is great. "I have them to thank for being alive and for being free. They have been under the cruel German heel so long and their souls are so filled with revenge, that the Germans are in extreme fear of them."

Cpl. Demciak hasn't gone so far as to make plans for the future, since that will depend a great deal upon the recovery of his injured arm and hand. But it is easily discerned that success in almost any line of endeavor won't be too difficult for him to manage, for he possesses an engaging nature, an innate optimism, and great courage. A man with these qualities is hard to beat.

He has undergone suffering and privation, and we all hope that the future will afford clear sailing and happy landings to this soldier.

WHISPERS

by Eddie Judge

"Romeo" Canevari is sorta doin' OK these days....I've seen that guy mimeographing dozens of times, and always with a cute, but different "helper"....

Did Stan Polikoff forget to duck a "duck" recently???....

Talk about a girl bringing her roller skates on an automobile date...Ernie Phillips recently got a lift from a girl driver on his way back from Trenton, and instead of driving him to camp she drove him eight miles out of his way.. and he had to hoof it back!...That's the man power shortage, Ernie....

There's that expression again!....Since Captain Rubin Miller took over the reins as C.O., the guys are starting that "O, oh! Here comes 'The Whip'!!"...

Bill Corradino couldn't be carrying a torch these days, could he?....Yer awfully quiet, Bill!.....

Have you met our new Mess Sgt.?....He's Virgil Ash, back from overseas and dishing out some fine chow instead of C and K Rations....

Jim Richardson is doin' OK for himself these days....Always with a cigar...The expensive brand....

The "Medicine Man" of Tilton...Gil Cortin....If you want a nose or throat prescription, just see Gil....He has a footlocker full of "cures"....

MUST BE CONTAGIOUS DEPT.....On October 15th Trudy Bailey became Mrs. 1st Sgt. Phil Chambert....And on the 24th Flo Johnston changed her name to Mrs. T/Sgt. Newton Chiafulo....Trudy was married at the Tilton Chapel, while Flo's vows were spoken at Brown's Mills....

Things are looking up in civilian personnel....Or rather, looking good, since "Bobby" Sheldon joined us as Civilian Recreation Chief....Just looking at "Bobby" is enough to boost morale!...

How do you fellers and gals like the Friday night Jan sessions at the Detachment Day Room?....We sorta expected a bigger crowd, but once y'all got together on how you like the idea....And whether you like it....Let us know your ideas... And in the meantime, "Beat yer chops, Jackson, every night at 8".....Jack Schwartz and his "Dixie Five" make with the music.....

While we're on the subject.....If you have any ideas on parties and dances, especially for the Holidays, let us know.....We'd appreciate any suggestion you might have, as we are planning plenty of 'em....(Aside to the SACs...How about making with the decorations in the Mess Hall for the Holiday Parties and Dinners...With your own "pwiddy wittle hands"???)....

Just in case you'd like to cast your eyes on a "miniature Glamour Girl".... drop into Ward 7 and get a look at Lt. Breen, the Nurse there...M-m-m!!....

The next USO-Camp Show headed this way is an eye-filler....The cast is composed of Bee-yoot-tee-ful chicks from the musical comedy, night club and radio field, and boasts of such stellar performers as Dorothy Bruce, singer and tap dancer....The Three Blair Sisters, harmony singers....Jane Matthews, ballet tap dancer....Seror Twins, comedy pantomime, and another act as yet not named in the publicity releases....

Lois Bray, 1st Sgt. of WAC Detachment 3 tells me she is bucking for basic training....As a civilian....(Who isn't, Lois?).....

THE BALL IS REALLY ROLLIN'!!!.....Our Sports Program is in full swing, with Athletic and Recreation Councils from all Tilton Detachments meeting to discuss various sports as the season progresses....For the Surgical Section the Council is composed of Bill Haines, Len Johnson and John Frame....For the Medical Section, George Herudek, Bill Ryan and Nick Pastorella....For WAC detachment #1, Ruth Kelly, Marie Ives and Marge Becker....For WAC Detachment #2, Ruth Davonport, Mary Cody, Leona Fair, Joy Wynns and Anna Parryk.... And for WAC Detachment #3, Dot Sutherland, Salone Stone and Mona Helter... Nice goin' folks!.....

Charlotte Breiner is now a member of WAC Detachment #3.....Torch and all!.....

Orchids to Lt. Simms, of WAC Detachment #2, for her thoughtfulness for her "brood".....Now that they have a pool table we expect some "sharp" shootin'.....

Wedding bells will ring out for Lou Trachtman on November 30th....

Doris Wagner doing a "heel-and-toe-marathon" to and from civilian quarters on the Wrightstown road....Sometimes she's alone, and....well, sometimes she's with a certain someone....

Our erstwhile Editor, Al Palca, is now with the Plans and Training Office.... Hope you won't discontinue those fine pages of wit, Al....

JUST IN CASE YOU DON'T KNOW, OR HAVE FORGOTTEN....The Sixth War Loan is now in progress, and we should go over the top as usual....Enlisted personnel have always responded faithfully to all previous drives, so on this one....

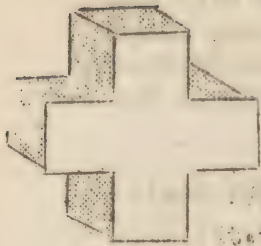
BYE,BYE..... BUY BONDS!

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE DETACHMENTS

Captain Jack Messey, former Commanding Officer of the Medical Detachment, asked me to write this little note to you because, with the rapidity of his transfer, he did not have time to say goodbye individually or collectively.

Captain Messey is very proud to have soldiered with so fine a group of men and wishes you all Godspeed and good luck.

(Signed) R. R. Miller
Capt. MAC



RED CROSS

At the time the last issue of Tilton Talk went to press, our Hallowe'en festivities were still in the planning stage. For the record, we wish to announce, although a little late, that the parties in all three buildings were literally a howling success. At the Red Cross House in the Surgical Section the high point of the evening was a Chamber of Horrors, with a collection of skeletons and other items guaranteed to chill the blood of the most hardy. At House 2, Medical Annex, there was a Witches' Carnival with all the fixings, including fortune telling and a fashion show of hats made and modeled by the guests. House 1 had a good old-fashioned Hallowe'en party, featuring the old stand-bys of eating apples off a string, musical chairs, and pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey. There was cider and do-nuts for all comers, and everybody had a wonderful time in all the Houses, in the spirit of Hallowe'en when anything goes.

Of course Hallowe'en was just one day out of the last few weeks. The rest of the time we have been carrying on our regular program of evening shows, trips to foot-ball games, parties, etc. We have been making a special feature of tournaments lately: Pool, ping-pong, checkers, and pinochle. We've found a lot of champions in the hospital, too. We hope to find a lot more of them in the weeks to come.

Another thing that we have been doing more in the last few weeks than before is a Chef's Club affair, where the men have a chance to spend the evening puttering around the kitchen making fudge, pop-corn, coffee, and even such elaborate confections as apple turn-overs! If you haven't been in on one of these Kitchen Parties, you don't know what a lot of fun it is to whip up a batch of cookies while the next fellow is brewing some coffee for the crowd. We provide the fixings and the recipes, but we're more than happy to have you try out your own specialty for us.

We had another novelty event at House 1, Medical Section, this week: the Bayonne Boy Scouts came to put on some boxing matches. It's always a lot of fun to see the little kids demonstrating the "manly art of self-defense," and there were some surprisingly good fighters in the bunch, too.

Well, this is just a taste of the good things we have been doing and are planning for the future. There's always something going on for you whether you are interested in Music, Foot-ball, Chess or Cooking. And the old adage always holds good - "the more the merrier!"

We don't want you to forget, too, that the Social Service Staff in all three Red Cross Houses is ready any time to help you straighten out the problems which may be worrying you. You'd be surprised at how many things we can do for you - how many troubles big or small we can fix up for you.

SPORT SLANTS

As part of the Special Service program under the direction of Cpl. John Bartmann, a large varied sports program for Tilton General Hospital is now in progress. The program calls for such sports as Football, Basketball, Bowling, Ping Pong, Volleyball and Billiards.

Football is the highlight with four teams competing in the League, their memberships being the following:

ANNEX RECONDITIONING	TILTON SURGICAL SECTION	TILTON RECONDITIONING	ANNEX MEDICAL DETACHMENT
Cpt. Tillman	Cpt. Goldstein	Cpt. Wojciechowski	Cpt. Herudek
Hoover	Viggiano	Bieber	Clarke
Merritt	Marcus	Reis	Topazio
Perillo	C. Smith	Probert	Donato
Riley	Haines	Hufford	Mangano
Bartmann	Crasnopol	Pihota	Tiger
Vanderlippe	Bachman		Costa
			Braverman
			Cromer
			Pedroski
			Munoz
			Ranson

In the first game of the season, the Annex Reconditioning, with the consistent and accurate passing of Cpl. Chuck Tillman, defeated Tilton Surgical by a score of 14-0. Time and time again Hoover and Merritt of Reconditioning snagged Tillman's passes for substantial gains. Surgical is not to be considered the underdog in the league by any means, for more than once they threatened Reconditioning's goal.

In the second game of the season, Tilton Reconditioning defeated the Annex Medical Detachment by a score of 7-6. Here the highly favored Reconditioning team met a stone wall when they tried to buck a determined medical line. Led by Frank Wojciechowski and Reis, the winners passed their way to victory. Topazio and Herudek were the standouts for the losers.

	WON	LOST
Tilton Reconditioning	1	0
Annex Reconditioning	1	0
Tilton Surgical	0	1
Annex Medical	0	1

1st Lt. Mildred M. Belk, CO Mac Detachment 3, has already organized her sports setup for the Mac Detachment. They have started basketball practice and show plenty of talent. These girls have what it takes to make a good contending team for the Post title.

This is an all-out call to the personnel of Tilton General Hospital to respond fully to our new program. With your co-operation and interest, we shall make Tilton's name stand out in the sports talk of Fort Dix.

WABTUAL COBBS

In To Karl Jackson

The phone rings all day long. We have two phones, and sometimes they both ring all day long. 'Tis then that I wish I were twins--but only then. The party on the other end of the line invariably is calling to ask me to make arrangements for something or other. I've arranged more War Bond Ballies, wrestling matches, variety programs and inspection tours than Elsa Maxwell. I arrange everything, the time, the place, the transportation, the people involved and their passes. Here's the way I feel about it:

I like to make fudge, I like to make haste,
But gosh, don't I hate to make arrangements!
My reluctance in this latter respect
Has cost me a number of estrangements.

I adore making money, making whoopee is fine,
But I don't wanna make no arrangements;
This "making arrangements" will make of me
A victim of mental derangements.

I'll wear what you say, be there when you say,
But please, you make all the arrangements;
I'll sing, I'll be clever, I'll stand on my dome,
If only you'll make the arrangements.

I'll laugh at trouble, I'll roar at your jokes,
I'll make like Robin Hood in the face of danger;
When the evening's over, I'll kiss you good-night,
If you don't mind being the arranger.

Don't care if you're stupid, don't care if you're broke,
Don't care if you're homely, threadbare and mangy;
You're Pidgeon, Sinatra and Autry to me,
If you're the arranger, and I the ARRANGEE.

I'm wearing my new O.D. shirt today for the first time, and horror of horrors,
it ITCHES!!

Latest wrinkle is sweeping floors with coffee grounds. Our suggestion that a barrel of doughnuts (known in Canarsie as "sinkers") accompany the bucket of sots was roundly vetoed. It was implied that such a deal would be impractical. The aroma of coffee grounds in the early hours is more fragrant to these seasoned nostrils than Chanel No. 5. So why for we kick, eh? Too, think of the swarms of "lie in bed until 3-ers" who will now dash down to Detachment Mess for breakfast, unable to resist the pungent essence of java. Gracious, Hennerly, this new regulation may even have international consequences, and produce revolutionary effects upon the labor legislation in Mesopotamia.

Hugo Reymann, who used to be a member of the Tilton Guard Force and is now a patient in Ward 2, Station Hospital, Camp Upton, recently wrote to Sgt. Adler and asked that his regards be sent to everyone. O.K., Hugo—we just dispatched your best regards. How's Long Island?.....By the time you read this, S/Sgt Louis Trachtman will have lost his bachelor status.....

Marie Annabelle Ives is in the throes again. He's an Air Corps man, presently gracing the Dix Air Base, and Ivy's description of him is like this: "Oh, he's simply out of this world!!".....An engagement ring recently traveled half way around the world—from Hawaii to Tilton. The sender: S/Sgt Dan Troiani, who formerly was a member of the Dispensary staff here, and now languishes in the land of the hula. The lovely recipient: Sgt. Mary Raney, all aglow and powerful-happy.....

* * * * *

It is respectfully suggested that in view of the avalanche of weddings occurring of late among the members of the WAC Detachment, a Young Matrons' Society be established. Meetings of this association would result in untold benefits in the post-war economy. For example, prizes could be offered for the best recipes, methods of laundering fancy linens could be discussed, balanced menus could be planned, and scientific raising of infants could be studied. Fortunate G.I.'s would return after the war to a well-regulated home, efficiently managed by an ex-WAC missus, and the security of our entire American way of life would be well safeguarded. In the interests of patriotism, how about it, ladies?

* * * * *

We saw "Tinker" Peters and T/Sgt Fels at Theatre #5 the other evening, and though it's against our principles to pry, we couldn't help noticing that it was Tinker who forked out the 30 cents for the tickets. Now that you've attained the exalted rank of Tech Sgt, Albert, it's time you bore the financial obligations of a movie date. It's smart to be thrifty, BUT.....

* * * * *

Said Danny Crecca: "My old man'll be prouder of my sergeant's stripes than when my brother makes Rear Admiral." Danny's brother is at present a Captain in the Navy. It was Sgt. Corcoran who claimed the distinction of sewing on Danny's stripes, and a fine job it was, too. Corky used surgical silk.

* * * * *

These ratings were like a breath of old times, and add some spice to Tilton life. It's kind of hard at first to get used to new titles (such as Sgt Pirpinelli, Cpl Parnell, Sgt Stoll, Cpl Jaszczer, etc.), but it'll seem natural soon. We offer our hearty congratulations to all our buddies who received promotions, for you all merit them, and will wear the added stripes with credit.

* * * * *

A recent visitor here was 2nd Lt. Edwin Guzowski, WAC, who has just completed officers' training at Camp Barkley, Texas. The Lt. was formerly a member of the Quartermaster Detachment at Tilton before receiving his appointment to OCS, and is married to Claire Younkins of the Motor Pool. Their's was the first all-Tilton wedding, you'll recall, way back in the good old days before the merge with Station Hospital. Claire is proud as punch of her Lt., and so are we all.

(Actual Facts - Cont.)

By the time you read this the Inspectors will have come and gone. As usual, we were all delighted by their visit, and express the fervent hope that they won't wait so long next time. Once a month rather than once a year would be more to our liking, eh what? (It was with extreme regret that we disposed of the wads of gum we had parked under our bed—Chiclets, Wrigley's Spearmint—all the rare old brands we loved so well in the dear dead past—but we're wary of annual inspections, and are wise to the ways of Inspectors).

Notice to all who received promotions: A bit of phosphorous rubbed on the stripes will make them glow in the dark!!

Tom Barr does a hilarious take-off on a German Field Marshal.....FLASH!!! An anonymous informant has just tipped us off that Trachtman's hitchin' will take place on the 30th.....Congratulations to Captain and Mrs. Henon on the arrival of a little girl—their second. As we go to press, little Miss Henon hasn't been named, but we're told by the Captain that she greatly resembles her sister Penny.

We anxiously await the arrival of Susie's kittens. Susie is the mascot of Ward 3, and the pride and joy of Pfc Gertrude Merrill. Even Major Martin is keyed up with the suspense of it all, and promises the best of medical care for Susie. The father of the anticipated brood is a mysterious, lurking, un-named character, but nobody seems at all interested in his identity,—least of all Susie.

We overheard Bill Sheehan morosely complaining to a friend that every time he talks to a girl, it gets in Tilton Talk. It's the price one must pay for being a celebrity, Bill.....Boss Lady Keppel now demands a 10% cut on every tid-bit she casts our way. Doesn't she know we work for the sheer love of it? If it's affection you want, Sarge—he assured of your 10% cut.....(Hope the foregoing results in extra light details for your editor).....

When you mention pretty girls, don't forget Pfc Susie Brown of Detachment #2. Susie's just as cute in her motor pool outfit as when she starred in "Hi Yank" a few months ago.....1st Sgt. Pharries of Detachment #2, another extremely attractive girl, was a school teacher in civilian life, and we'll wager there was very little hocky in her class. Going to school must have been a pleasure.

Lt. Walker of Reconditioning, who has joined our staff of contributors, is a talented illustrator. The Lieutenant suggests that Tilton Talk run a few contests offering furloughs as prizes. Ah, Lieutenant.....Speaking of Reconditioning, one of the patients over there recently hit the jack-pot in the slot machine at the Trenton Elks' Club. The quarters kept pouring out, until he had almost a hundred of them. (Spent 'em all yet, Sgt. Koch?)

QUES.: What do they call it when they remove your tonsils?

ANS. : A tonsillectomy.

QUES.: What do they call it when they remove your appendix?

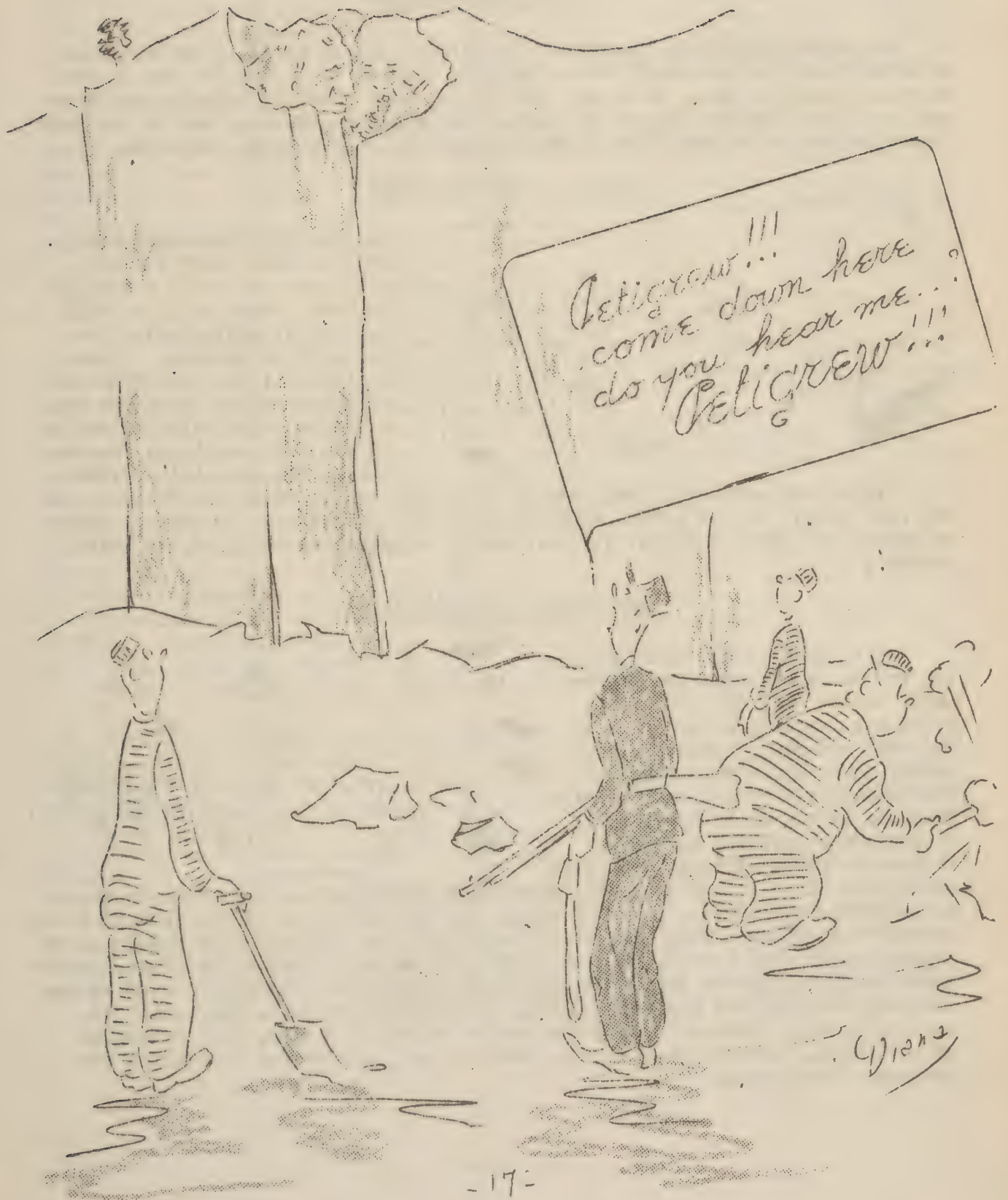
ANS. : An appendectomy.

QUES.: What do they call it when they remove a growth from your head?

ANS. : A hair-cut.

Has anyone in the audience a brass rod??

The Thanksgiving menu looks good. Everything from soup to nuts—literally. We overate last year, and plan to do so again. We're a lot closer to Victory, fellas, so we've a great deal to be thankful for. I leave on furlough tomorrow, so hold down the fort while I'm gone, and I'll hurry back as soon as possible. Didn't want the furlough, you know, but they talked me into it.



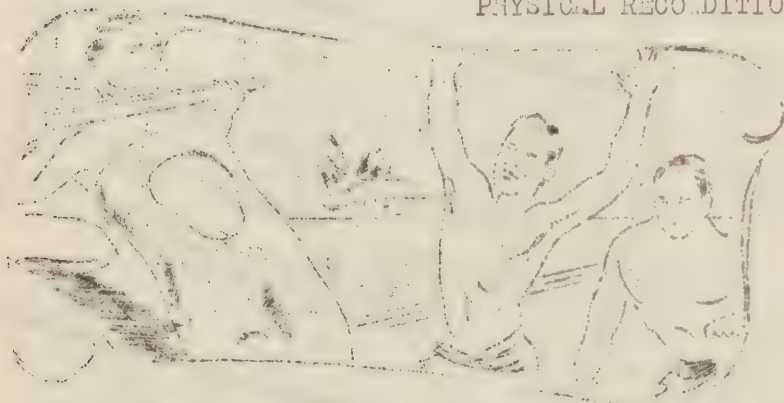
THE RECONDITIONING PROGRAM

by Lt. Donald E. Walker

WHAT IS RECONDITIONING?

Reconditioning is the function of a service set up in all Army hospitals to return service personnel recovering from disease or injury to duty in the shortest possible time, to return them in the best possible physical and mental condition through the use of planned physical conditioning, and in the constructive use of leisure time in educational and recreational pursuits.

PHYSICAL RECONDITIONING

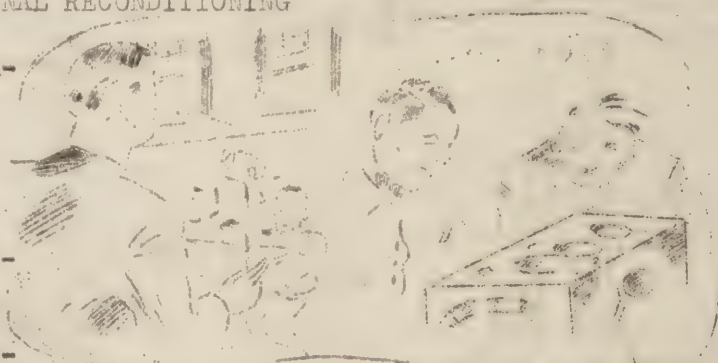


The physical reconditioning program will start for you while you are still a patient in bed. There will be daily periods of calisthenics that you will go through. These periods will be supervised by officers and enlisted men who have been specially trained to do the work required. The calisthenics you will perform

have been carefully selected by these men as the ones that will do you the most good. As you become ambulatory you may participate in various types of sports and games both out of doors and in a gymnasium equipped for that purpose.

EDUCATIONAL RECONDITIONING

This phase of the Reconditioning Program is divided into three major parts: military education, which will consist of a review of the more general of military subjects, and will be compulsory. Orientation will be composed of discussions of the daily news, talks by various industrial and civic leaders or personalities, quiz programs, and other interesting and informative sessions where you will be given the opportunity to voice your opinions. The academic part of the program is voluntary and offers a very wide scope to you who are interested in acquiring or supplementing your education. The United States Armed Forces Institute, better known as USAFI, offers correspondence courses and self teaching courses on almost any subject that you can imagine. In addition to this, there will be available group classes on subjects such as motor mechanics, both vehicular and aviation, photography, language courses, and many others from which you can make a selection.



OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY

Occupational Therapy, as practiced in Army hospitals, is divided into two parts, diversional and functional. The diversional part is solely for your entertainment. Any ambulatory patient can feel free to go to the Occupational Therapy shop at any time indicated on the schedule. Here, you will be able to make various useful items out of wood, leather and metal. Those who are bed-ridden will be visited on the wards by Red Cross Grey Ladies who have received special instructions in craft work from our trained Occupational Therapists.

The functional part of Occupational Therapy is just as much a part of your treatment while in the hospital as any other care you may receive, and is participated in only by those who obtain prescriptions from a medical officer. Functional Occupational Therapy is the means through which increased motion and adaptability is obtained for various injured parts of the body by indulging in occupational activities, which encourages the use of the injured parts in the manner and to the extent desired.

CONVALESCENT FACILITY

When you have reached the point where you no longer require daily medical treatment, you will be transferred to a part of the hospital known as the CONVALESCENT FACILITY. Here you will no longer wear the regular hospital garb, but will again don a duty uniform. In the Convalescent Facility you will find very little similarity to the hospital to which you are accustomed. You will undergo a fairly complete duty day, consisting of regular fatigues, military education and athletic formations. The mess, which is one of the finest in the hospital, is operated entirely by men of the Convalescent Facility. Other details, related to operation of an organization, also will be performed by you. You will be expected to pull your part of the load while you are here. The work is harder, but the privileges are greater. As far as passes are concerned, you will be permitted two evening passes from 1700 to 2300 during the week, and the week-end pass which starts at 1700 on Friday and terminates at 0800 Monday morning. Arrangements have been made with various universities and organizations in the immediate vicinity of the post whereby we are able to take a certain number of men to various sporting contests and on other interesting excursions.

The physical education part of your reconditioning will be considerably increased. You will be assigned to a platoon in which all men have a similar disability, and you will finish your reconditioning with this group. Carefully selected exercises, compatible with your disability, will be given daily. In addition to this, you will have the opportunity to indulge in various types of competitive sports. Educationally, the opportunities are great. There will be available to you competent guidance by the Educational Officer, on all kinds of USAFI courses. There are also offered group classes in Photography, automobile mechanics, aviation mechanics and languages. You will also attend lectures and discussions on various basic military subjects. These will constitute more of a review of what you already know, and any contributions you may be able to make during these lectures will be appreciated by all concerned. Informality is the keynote in all educational formations in the CONVALESCENT FACILITY.

U.S. OCCUPIED GERMANY BECOMES LABORATORY FOR MILITARY RULE

(C.N.S.) The "fingernail" of German territory now held by American troops is serving as a laboratory where military government officers are learning, by practical experience, many lessons which will prove useful when much more of the enemy's country comes under our rule. The occupied territory of Germany over which Gen Dwight D. Eisenhower now rules begins on a flat, windmill-dotted plain northeast of the little Dutch town of Sittard and extends southward beyond ruined Aachen.

This occupied Germany had 250,000 population before the Nazis began evacuating it. Probably fewer than 50,000 are left. Its predominant population today is the American Army, which doesn't regard itself at the moment as an army of occupation, but as an army poised for further invasion. That fact conditions the character of the military government. Its temporary regime is in the area of active military movement. It is under German shellfire by day; German bombs fall on it at night. Tanks and anti-tank guns are dug into potato fields. Important artillery emplacements may be camouflaged in sugar beet fields.

German civilians live in what Lewis Gannett, of the New York Herald Tribune, a front-line correspondent has called a "Teutonic Ghetto". They are not permitted to stand and talk in the streets. Throughout most of the region, they are permitted in the streets only on certain hours of the day. In one area, for instance, it is between noon and 1300, when housewives do their shopping. Farm workers are permitted to go to the fields at dawn, but must return by 1730. Only the American-appointed mayor, doctor, priest and town policeman have permits good at any daylight hour.

Each house bears on its door a placard listing the inhabitants, their occupations and ages. In each of the 20-odd towns in the territory, American authorities, after careful checking, have named temporary burgomeisters, who are responsible for order and food distribution. None is paid, but some towns already are installing tax systems. Food distribution, except in a few cases where whole villages were evacuated to camps in the rear, is left entirely to German officials and varies from village to village. In Cangelst, each resident is allotted 300 pounds of potatoes to carry him until the next harvest. This same ration was accorded under German rule, and the old ration cards are still used.

On the whole, there have been few cases of disobedience, and no evidence that any Germans are organizing to implement Hitler's appeal for an anti-American underground. The Germans obey orders and take care of their own local affairs. Uniformly, they express relief at being out of the war.

Offenses for which civilians have been fined or imprisoned are: appearing in the streets during forbidden hours, trespassing beyond specified limits, and, in one case, going outdoors at night with a lighted cigarette. The officer who tried the case doubts the latter offense was deliberate.

LIBRARY NOTES

The trouble with most Thanksgivings is that by the time we have consumed turkey, ham, stuffing, potatoes - both white and yellow - mince pie, pumpkin pie, chestnuts, candy, apples, oranges and such stuff, we are stuffed and in a stupor so that it is impossible for us to remember that it is a day of thanksgiving. Then, too, when you come right down to it most of us have so many things to be thankful for that the thought of their multitude puts us in a stupor. Carl Sandburg is pretty grateful for people and that seems to be a pretty good thing. to be thankful for so we'll just ape him a bit. From THE PEOPLE, YES:

"If I owned Texas and hell I would rent Texas and move to hell," said a famous general.

"That's right," wrote a Texas editor, "every man for his own country."

"As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy."

"I am John Jones."

"Take a chair."

"Yes, and I am the son of John Throckmorton Jones."

"Is that possible? Take two chairs."

Phone girl: "I'm sorry I gave you the wrong number."

Man: "I'm sorry too. I know it was a perfectly good number you gave me, but I just couldn't use it."

Man going up elevator: "We eat, work, sleep, then we die - eh?"

Elevator boy: "Yeah."

I never made a mistake in grammar but once in my life and soon as I done it I seen it.

The little girl saw her first troop parade and asked, "What are those?"

"Soldiers."

"What are soldiers?"

"They are for war. They fight and each tries to kill as many of the other side as he can."

The girl held still and studied.

"Do you know.....I know something."

"Yes, what is it you knew?"

"Sometime they'll give a war and nobody will come."

The floors of the new horse stables were translucent tile, the drinking fountains of marble, the mangers of mahogany, the feed-boxes furbished with silver trimmings and inlays.

"Well, gentlemen," said the proprietor to his inspecting friends, "is there anything you can think of that is lacking?"

"I can think of nothin," said an irreverent one, "unless you want to put in a sofa for each horse."

PRACTICALLY ANYTHING

Well, it looks as though God was willing but the Army wasn't. That wonderful six-day leave I was looking forward to between the last issue and this one did not materialise, and instead of going to Chicago I just kept on coming to Tilton every morning. But hope springs eternal. Maybe before the year's out, I hope...

Do you remember Eugene O'Neill's somewhat unusual play "Strange Interlude" - Gable and Shearer were in the movie version - in which the characters spoke their lines and then turned aside and spoke what they really thought? Here's a little play which goes it one better, since it has no lines, only unspoken thoughts. It should be presented as often as possible.

The scene - a train compartment en route to Berlin.

The cast - a Nazi officer, a Polish civilian, an elderly lady and an attractive girl.

Action - Train enters tunnel. Passengers hear very audible kiss, then a vigorous slap. Train emerges, everyone silent. Nazi officer has beautiful black eye.

The old lady thinks: "What a good girl that pretty miss must be. Fine moral character, won't stand for that sort of thing."

The girl thinks: "Isn't it odd that the German officer tried to kiss that old lady and not me."

The German officer thinks: "That Pole is a smart fellow. He steals a kiss in the dark and I get punched."

The Pole thinks: "What an angle! I kiss the back of my hand, sock a no-good Nazi officer and get away with it!"

CURTAIN.

Don't tell me that the way to a man's heart is not directly through his stomach. In a poll taken by some Red Cross representatives at a South Pacific base, the following question was asked: "If you could have anything you wanted, what would you ask for first?" The winner, by a big margin - A COLD, SALTED, MILK. Next in order were a juicy steak, the cup that cheers and a beautiful girl.

Romance? Phooey!

Don't look now, but this office just got some mail addressed to Fort Diz, N.J.

One day life was getting somewhat dull for the First Sergeant - or the equivalent, "in nautical parlance, at a Coast Guard Station in Manhattan, so he compiled the following collection of requests for leaves and extensions thereof which had come in to the office:

"Nobody dead. Nobody dying. Having wonderful time. You can't blame me for trying. Five-day extension of leave requested."

"Got married. Would like five days extension to handle some private business."

"My brother, whom I have not seen for one year and a half, is coming in on furlough to Norfolk. My father is to be in New York City. I would like permission to visit my mother in Washington."

"Want special liberty Thursday for my mother has decided to get married."

"Wife in town. I have not seen her in a long time. Would like to...."

"My aunt is on her death-bed in New York City. I would like to join her."

Note to Sgt. McCarroll: Are the Detachment men as imaginative?

The Army is even better than Dorothy Dix in running a "lonely hearts" department. And at the head of this department is Lt. Gen. George S. Patton, who took time out from directing the 3rd Army's offensive against Germany recently to have a heart-to-heart talk with a corporal about his failure to write to his fiancée back home in the United States.

The General had received a letter from the mother of Ruth Smith, of Philadelphia, telling him of her daughter's unhappiness at not hearing from Cpl. Edward W. Myers, to whom she was engaged. Cpl. Myers was summoned to the General's office from the front by radio. The General recommended that he write immediately.

Guess what? Cpl. Myers wrote.

Revival services, from what I hear, are an interesting phenomenon, both from the religious and the social point of view, and at one that was held recently a member of the assembled congregation managed to keep both points of view very neatly in mind, according to this story:

The minister had just appealed to the pent-up audience to "hit the sawdust trail."

One buxom debutante rose and cried out, "Last night I was in the arms of the debil, but tonite I is gwine be in the arms of de Lawd!"

"Is yo' all gwine be occupied tomorrow nite at this time, sister?" shouted a voice from the rear.

HERE AND THERE AROUND TILTON

MORE DEPARTURES - Very hurriedly, and most unexpectedly, Chaplain Samuel N. Sherman left Tilton General Hospital in order to report to Fort Reynolds, Pa., prior to going overseas. His orders came through so quickly that he had no time to say goodbye to many of you; and there may even be some who are hearing of his departure for the first time now. In the ten months that Chaplain Sherman was here he endeared himself greatly to the detachment men and women, the patients, the officers and the civilian personnel. We're all sorry you had to leave us, Chaplain, but we wish you the best of luck, wherever you go, knowing that no matter where that may be, you will win the confidence of all, just as you did here.

On Saturday, 11 November, Chaplain Carlin said his round of farewells prior to leaving for Lake Placid, in an exchange with Chaplain Kines, who is coming to Tilton from there. To you, too, Chaplain Carlin, we wish the best of luck, and pleasant winter sports.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL UNTIL IT'S

FINISHED - What started out to be a series of handball courts across the street of the Officers' Club turned out to be a basketball court. The handball walls were never put up, for reasons unknown to us, so that all that was necessary to make the change-over was two baskets appropriately placed. If any of you boys don't mind freezing while playing outside, this is a good time to polish up your accuracy in shooting baskets.

WACS HAVE A VISITOR - At the beginning of the month, the WAC detachment was visited by Major Cora Bass, Director, WAC, 2nd Service Command. Major Bass was here to see how her charges were faring, and during the two days she spent here gave several orientation talks on the general topic of "What Are Your Complaints and How Can We Help You?" Those aren't her exact words, but they convey the general tenor of the discussions. And from what we have heard, all sorts of complaints were aired, and a number of suggestions were made to remedy them.

THANK YOU - At this point, the staff of Tilton Talk would like to thank Pvt. Frances Windler and Pvt. Joseph N. Trofa, who have driven to Philadelphia on various occasions in connection with ordering and picking up paper for this publication. We're awfully sorry about that flat tire on Nov. 8, Frances; but since we weren't there at the moment there wasn't much we could do by way of helping.

CONGRATULATIONS, EVERYBODY - Or at least almost everybody. After a long siege of frozen ratings the thaw set in, and a good number of the enlisted men and Wacs received their long-awaited and much-deserved promotions. There was a sudden flurry of sewing and formal recognition by new titles, but everything settled back to normal rather quickly, just as though nothing had happened.

HUMOR

Aunt Fannie: "Aren't you going to say the blessing, dear?"

Radio Child: "This food is coming to you through the courtesy of God Almighty."

Baxter Bugle

Stepping from a luxurious car, the expensively-dressed, middle-aged woman haughtily approached a sentry.

"I want to see my son, Montmorency Montpelier," she said.

"Who?" asked the sentry.

"Montmorency Montpelier. He's a tall, handsome, blue-eyed man, with delicate..."

"Oh, sure, I know who you mean," interrupted the sentry, and turning toward camp he shouted, "Hey, - Stinke - ee - ey!"

Ashford News

Little Audrey nailed the bathroom door and then laughed and laughed, because she knew her father was having a beer party at the house that night.

Bomb-Bay Messenger

An Officer was teaching a group of Coast Guardsmen a "refresher" course in naval tradition recently.

"Of course," he stated, "all you boys will know that the Englishman is often referred to as John Bull. But can anyone say what we sometimes call a typical American?"

Came the voice in the front row, just back from the South Pacific, "Uncle Spam, sir."

Harpoon

"I think there's a piece of rubber tire in this hash," complained a mess hall customer.

"There's nothing strange about that," said the guy next to him. "The automobile is replacing the horse everywhere now."

Ft. Wright Review

Sweater girls make excellent school teachers. They outline things so clearly.

Harpoon

A soldier and his girl were riding out in the country on horseback. As they stopped for a rest the two horses rubbed necks affectionately.

"Ah, me," said the soldier, "that's what I'd like to do."

"Well, go ahead," answered the girl, "it's your horse."

Pelican

A boy in long pants got on a street-car for a nickel.

A lad in short pants got on for three cents.

And then a pretty girl got on for nothing. She had a transfer.

Forum

A pair of newlyweds had tipped the porter generously on boarding the train to keep the fact a secret.

The next morning, noticing the many knowing looks cast in their direction, the angry groom called the porter to account for his treachery.

"Lawdy, boss," he replied, "I didn't tell 'em. They asked me if you was married, and I sez 'no, they is just very good friends.'"

Baxter Bugle

